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to avenge her ignominy and re-assert her honor. Her rulers may not be the same. Her form of government may undergo radical changes, but the French people who, three-fourths of a century ago, came near conquering the world, can hardly rest conquered.

The people of Savoy seem loyal to the Republic. Most of the old aristocracy have passed away. Here, as in Italy, the palaces are transformed into tenement houses and hotels, and the castles to barracks for troops. King Humbert has Margaret of Savoy for his queen. It would not be surprising if, in some future political convulsion, these valleys should go with her to united Italy.

How sweet these church bells! There is one in particular which, sounding across the lake and reverberating among the mountains, must remain with any wandering Savoyard as one of the sweetest of home reminiscences.

Even a stranger, like myself, will hardly forget its sweetly solemn tones.

"Those evening bells; those evening bells;
How many a tale their music tells!"

I took the three hours' tour of lake Annecy, which for nine miles mirrors the mountain in its transparent bosom. Our little steamer glides from side to side of its narrow waters, touching at little villages and occupying three hours in the circuit. It was like Lake Brienz in Switzerland, Lake Maggiore in Italy, and Seneca Lake in America, and yet unlike them all. Its waters are as green as those of Lake Michigan. Not a ripple stirred the surface, but our swift motion brought a cool breeze to our foreheads. Of the hundred passengers, I noticed no one who spoke English. It was restful to be thus alone. Still one can hardly help feeling that animated conversation in a foreign tongue is hardly justifiable. So little sense! The numerous priests seem more stupid than the men of business and less willing to converse with strangers. We ran near the rocky pinnacles of Fournette, which look like the palisades of the Hudson, doubled in height and set in grotesque grandeur upon the tops of the Highlands, instead of as now, at the river's brink. Some men and boys were sliding wood down the perpendicular and rocky declivity from a height out of sight. The variegated rocks gleamed in the clear lake beside us. Two fishermen held their lines in motionless boats near by. A *chateau*, with a picturesque round tower, rose on an opposite promontory. The heat of Italy was exchanged for breezes cooled by the snow-capped mountains, the dust, noise and weariness of railway travel for the quiet lake, the silent gliding motion of the boat, and the unhurried restful feeling of a leisure day. It was luxury indeed. At the landing I noticed some men on a large raft with curious water rakes clearing the bed of the outflowing river from weeds. A delightful public garden with a sea-wall and gravelled walks extends to the lakeside. As I stroll homeward I notice in the shops some white wood curiously worked for various utensils. In the markets, cheese in small parcels abounds. (The unsalted butter at table has a cheesy taste.) The bread at the baker's is very dark, harderusted, and apt to be a little sour. Meats and fish are not abundant. Fruit and vegetables are. The women and girls yonder are doing their week's washing, and rinsing their clothes in the hard water of the swift river. They use stones for wash-boards and other and dry stones for clothes-line.

At evening, at the invitation of our generous and thoughtful "conductor" (Dr. Loomis) the American party

enjoy a row. As they come home those sweet bells chime again.

How delightfully cool is the night! We hear no carriages rattling and rumbling over pavements. We gladly miss the loud and incessant outcries in resonant Italian. It is delightful in Italy. It is grand in Switzerland, especially at Chamounix, under the shadow of Mt. Blanc, where we expect to spend to-morrow night. Savoy is not less beautiful than either. Nor is this lovely region without the added charm of honored names. In a little hamlet called Talloires, at which we touched on our circuit of the lake, is the birth-place of the chemist Berthollet. St. Bernard was also born near by at the chateau Menthon. In Annecy itself, the great name is St. Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva, who died in 1622. His portrait adorns every window. His life and works are on every book-shelf. One year ago, three days were occupied with learned and eloquent addresses, the keynote of which was his character and work. His tomb is in Annecy. Such high and unabated honors paid to one man led me to determine to know him better.

R. B. H.

A WAR SONG—AMENDED.

"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground;
Many of the "boys" are dead,
The years have passed in wearying round
Since the last good-bys were said.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night
Waiting for war to cease;
Many are the hearts fighting for the right
Who pray for the day of Peace.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Thinking of the days gone by,
Of brave ones dead and dear ones crowned,
With a grief that cannot die.

Chorus.—

We're tired of war on the old camp ground,
Weary of the ways that kill,
Of the fatal shot and the cruel wound
And the pickets firing still.

Chorus —

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp ground,
Many will fight no more;
To the dead as to us on the old camp ground,
The war at last is o'er.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night
Waiting for war to cease;
Many are the hearts fighting for the right
Who pray for the day of Peace.
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

—Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D., writes under date of May 1:
"My judgment is decidedly in favor of Prof. Leone Levi's project for a Council and High Court of Arbitration."